MARVEL

$1.00 US
$1.25 CAN

2

01157

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

#2 IN A FOUR-ISSUE LIMITED SERIES

INDIANA JONES and the LAST CRUSADE

THE OFFICIAL COMICS ADAPTATION OF THE SPECTACULAR NEW MOVIE FROM LUCASFILM!

TERROR IN THE TOMB!

0 71486 01157 6 02

Read more FREE comics on ReadComicOnline
HotComic.net

IT'S BEEN A DAY FULL OF SURPRISES FOR INDIANA JONES. WHEN HE AWOKE THIS MORNING, HE HAD NO IDEA THAT BY NIGHTFALL HE'D BE EMBROILED IN A DESPERATE SEARCH FOR THE HOLY GRAIL.
OR THAT HIS OWN FATHER HAD BEEN INVOLVED IN A SIMILAR QUEST--
--FROM WHICH THAT SCHOLARLY GENTLEMAN HAD NEVER RETURNED!
SKREEEEE
INDIANA JONES™
and the
LAST CRUSADE
CHAPTER 2
Adapted by
DAVID MICHELINIE WRITER
BRET BLEVINS ARTIST
BILL OAKLEY LETTERER
GREGORY WRIGHT COLORIST
BOB BUDIANSKY EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF

INDIANA JONES AND THE LAST CRUSADE, Vol. 1, No. 2. Published by MARVEL COMICS. James E. Galton, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Copyright © 1989 LUCASFILM LTD. All rights reserved. Price $1.00 per copy in the U.S. and $1.25 in Canada. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers, and is subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition.

HotComic.net

A SHORT SIDE TRIP IS MADE TO ENLIST THE AID OF AN OLD FRIEND. AND THEN, AT THE SUBURBAN RESIDENCE OF PROFESSOR HENRY JONES...

WHAT HAS THAT OLD FOOL GOTTEN HIMSELF INTO, INDIANA?!

I DON'T KNOW, MARCUS--

--BUT WHATEVER IT IS, MY FATHER'S IN OVER HIS HEAD! HE'S AN ACADEMIC! A BOOKWORM, NOT A FIELD MAN!

¿TSK! THEY'VE EVEN GONE THROUGH HIS MAIL.

HUH...? MAIL! THAT'S IT, MARCUS!

VENICE, ITALY! HOW COULD I BE SO STUPID?

WHAT IS IT?

DAD'S GRAIL DIARY! A LIFETIME'S WORTH OF RESEARCH AND KNOWLEDGE!

BUT WHY DID HE SEND IT TO YOU?

I DON'T KNOW. BUT SOMEBODY WANTS IT PRETTY BADLY!

HotComic.net

CALL WALTER DONOVAN,* MARCUS. TELL HIM I'LL TAKE THAT TICKET TO VENICE NOW.

*THE WEALTHY PATRON OF ANTIQUITIES WHO IS FINANCING PROFESSOR HENRY JONES'S GRAIL EXPEDITION.

I'LL TELL HIM WE WANT TWO.

AND THUS, THE NEXT DAY AT A PRIVATE AIRFIELD...

WELL, MARCUS, GOOD LUCK.

THANK YOU, WALTER. NOW, WHEN WE ARRIVE IN VENICE...

DON'T WORRY. DR. SCHNIEDER WILL BE THERE TO MEET YOU. AND I MAINTAIN AN APARTMENT IN VENICE—IT'S AT YOUR DISPOSAL.

BE VERY CAREFUL, DR. JONES.

DON'T TRUST ANYBODY.

HotComic.net

OMINOUS WORDS. THEY REMAIN WITH INDIANA JONES IN THE HURTLING SILVER AIRSHIP, AS INSIDE HIS FATHER'S DIARY HE DISCOVERS TWO TREASURES...

...A CHARCOAL RUBBING OF WALTER DONOVAN'S GRAIL TABLET--

--AND A PENCIL SKETCH OF A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW INCORPORATING A SERIES OF ROMAN NUMERALS.

HIS HEARTBEAT QUICKENS.

AND WHEN ITALIAN LANDFALL IS FINALLY MADE, AND "GROUND" TRANSPORTATION ARRANGED, THE TWO TRAVELERS DISEMBARK AT A BOAT LANDING NEAR THE NATIONAL LIBRARY...

...IN TIME TO SEE AN UGLY EXAMPLE OF THE FASCIST REGIME THAT NOW RULES THIS ONCE-NOBLE NATION...

AH, VENICE.

DR. JONES?

I KNEW IT WAS YOU -- YOU HAVE YOUR FATHER'S EYES.

AND MY MOTHER'S EARS -- BUT THE REST BELONGS TO YOU.

MARCUS BRODY? I'M DR. ELSA SCHNEIDER.

OH.

HotComic.net

THE LAST TIME I SAW YOUR FATHER, WE WERE IN THE LIBRARY. I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM SO EXCITED -- HE WAS AS GIDDY AS A SCHOOLBOY!

HENRY? "ATILLA THE PROFESSOR"?! HE WAS NEVER GIDDY, EVEN WHEN HE WAS A SCHOOLBOY!

I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU. YOUR FATHER SENT ME TO THE MAP SECTION. WHEN I GOT BACK, HE WAS GONE, WITH ALL HIS PAPERS.

EXCEPT FOR THIS SCRAP I FOUND NEAR HIS CHAIR.

THE SAME NUMERALS!

III VII XI

HERE'S THE LIBRARY.

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT THOSE NUMBERS ALL WEEK -- THREE, SEVEN AND TEN. THEY DON'T APPEAR TO BE A BIBLE REFERENCE.

YOUR EYES ARE SHINING.

A GREAT LIBRARY ALMOST MAKES ME CRY. IT'S ALMOST SACRED.

LIKE BEING IN A CHURCH.

WE ARE ON HOLY GROUND. THIS USED TO BE THE CHAPEL OF A FRANCISCAN MONASTERY.

THESE COLUMNS WERE BROUGHT BACK AS SPOILS OF WAR AFTER THE SACKING OF [illegible]

HotComic.net

I HAVE TO CHECK WITH THE REFERENCE COUNTER.

I'LL, UH, BE ALONG IN A MOMENT.

MARCUS, I'VE SEEN THIS WINDOW BEFORE! DAD WAS ON TO SOMETHING HERE!

INDY, LOOK! THE ROMAN NUMERALS!

III

VII

X

DAD SENT ME THIS DIARY FOR A REASON. UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHY, I THINK WE SHOULD KEEP IT TO OURSELVES.

FIND SOMETHING?

THREE, SEVEN AND TEN -- THIS WINDOW SEEMS TO BE THE SOURCE OF THE ROMAN NUMERALS!

MY GOD, YOU'RE RIGHT!

DAD WASN'T LOOKING FOR A BOOK ABOUT THE KNIGHT'S TOMB -- HE WAS LOOKING FOR THE TOMB ITSELF!

DON'T YOU GET IT? YOU SAID YOURSELF THAT THIS USED TO BE A CHURCH!

THE TOMB IS SOMEWHERE IN THE LIBRARY!

HotComic.net

THERE ! AT THE TOP OF THAT COLUMN ! THE THREE !

SPREAD OUT AND FIND THE SEVEN AND THE TEN !

THE SEARCHERS DISPERSE, UNAWARE THAT THEIR ACTIONS ARE OBSERVED BY A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

BUT INDY'S MIND IS FOCUSED ON BUT ONE GOAL : THE ELUSIVE, TANTALIZING NUMBERS !

THIS SHELF IS LABELED "VII" ! AND IT LINES UP WITH THE COLUMN !

BUT WHERE'S THAT BLASTED TEN ? WHERE ? WHERE--

I'LL BE DARNED.

"X" MARKS THE SPOT !

A QUICK DROP TO THE FLOOR ; ANXIOUS FINGERS TUG AT TILE . AND...

SKKKKRIK

BINGO.

HotComic.net

YOU DON'T DISAPPOINT, DR. JONES.

KEEP AN EYE ON THIS FOR ME.

BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, CLOGGED EYES HAVE TROUBLE WATCHING ANYTHING!

WHUK

PAGAN SYMBOLS-- 4TH OR 5TH CENTURY. CHRISTIANS WOULD HAVE DUG THEIR OWN PASSAGES CENTURIES LATER.

IF A KNIGHT FROM THE FIRST CRUSADE IS ENTOMBED DOWN HERE, THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND HIM!

PETROLEUM! I COULD SINK A WELL DOWN HERE AND RETIRE!

BETTER BE CAREFUL WITH THE TORCH!

AND THAT'S NOT ALL TO BE CAREFUL ABOUT...!

RATS! USE THE LEDGE!

SLOWLY, INDY AND ELSA INCH ALONG THE SLIM OUTCROPPING OF STONE, BACKS AGAINST THE WALL, THE RIVER OF RATS DIRECTLY BELOW. AND THEN...

LOOK!

HotComic.net

TO REPEAT... BINGO!

IT MUST BE ONE OF THESE...!

THIS ONE! LOOK AT THE ARTISTRY OF THE CARVINGS AND THE SCROLLWORK!

KCHANK

THIS IS IT! WE FOUND IT! LOOK AT THE ENGRAVING ON THE SHIELD! IT'S THE SAME AS THE GRAIL TABLET!

THE SHIELD IS THE SECOND MARKER!

HotComic.net

AND, AS DR. JONES COMPLETES HIS RUBBING "COPY"...

WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?

TRADE SECRET.

I THOUGHT WE WERE PARTNERS! THIS IS NO TIME FOR PROFESSIONAL RIVALRY--!

HOLD IT!

SOMETHING'S WRONG! THAT LIGHT! RATS STAMPEDING! LIKE THEY'RE RUNNING FROM--

--FIRE!

JUMP!

TONK

CHASH

GET UNDER IT! AIR POCKET!

¡GASP!

TH-THE COFFIN'S ON FIRE!

CAN YOU SWIM?

AUSTRIAN SWIM TEAM! 1992 SUMMER OLYMPICS! SILVER MEDAL IN THE 50 METER FREE-STYLE.

A SIMPLE YES OR NO--!

STORM DRAIN!

¡WHEW!

Read more FREE comics on ReadComicOnline
HotComic.net

AH, VENICE!

UH-OH!

INTO THE BOAT!

BLAM BLAM

TATATATA

VROOSH

SHIP'S HULL DRIFTING TOWARDS THE DOCK.

ARE YOU CRAZY? DON'T GO BETWEEN THEM.

GO BETWEEN THEM? ARE YOU CRAZY?!

I SAID GO AROUND THEM!

YOU SAID GO BETWEEN THEM!

I SAID DON'T GO BETWEEN THEM!

OH, LORD!

HotComic.net

CRUNCH

BULLETS WRECKIN THE MOTOR! WE RE SHUTTIN DOWN!

NOW THE CURRENT S PULLIN US STRAIGHT INTO THAT STEAMER'S PROPELLERS!

AND WE CAN'T STOP IT!

'COURSE THAT DOESN T MEAN WE HAVE TO STAY ON BOARD--!

HotComic.net

ALL RIGHT! NOW TALK!

YOU FOOLISH MAN! IF YOU DON'T LET GO, WE'LL BOTH DIE!

THEN WE'LL DIE--!

WHAT THE ?

HERE! GIVE IT THE GAS.

WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME IS KAZIM MY FOREBEARS WERE PRINCES OF AN EMPIRE THAT STRETCHED FROM MOROCCO TO THE CASPIAN SEA!

ALLAH BE PRAISED!

WHY WERE YOU TRYING TO KILL ME?

THE SECRET OF THE GRAIL HAS BEEN SAFE FOR A THOUSAND YEARS!

AND FOR ALL THAT TIME, THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE CRUCIFORM SWORD HAS BEEN PREPARED TO DO ANYTHING TO KEEP IT SAFE!

"THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE CRUCIFORM SWORD"?

THIS JETTY HERE IS CONVENIENT FOR MY HOTEL.

THANK YOU. NOW, ASK YOURSELF: WHY DO YOU SEEK THE CUP OF CHRIST? FOR HIS GLORY?

OR FOR YOURS?

I DIDN'T COME FOR THE CUP OF CHRIST. I CAME TO FIND MY FATHER.

IN THAT CASE, GOD BE WITH YOU IN YOUR QUEST.

YOUR FATHER IS BEING HELD IN THE CASTLE OF BRUNWALD, ON THE AUSTRIAN-GERMAN BORDER!

AND THAT NIGHT, AT WALTER DONOVAN'S VENICE APARTMENT

HOW'S THE HEAD MARCUS?

BETTER NOW, HAVING SEEN THIS. IT'S THE NAME OF A CITY: "ALEXANDRETTA."

THE KNIGHTS OF THE FIRST CRUSADE LAID SIEGE TO ALEXANDRETTA FOR OVER A YEAR. THE ENTIRE CITY WAS DESTROYED

HERE THE PRESENT CITY OF ISKENDERUN IS BUILT ON ITS RUINS. SOMEWHERE IN THESE MOUNTAINS MUST BE THE CANYON OF THE CRESCENT MOON! BUT WHERE?

YOUR FATHER WOULD KNOW. YOUR FATHER DID KNOW!

HENRY PROBABLY PIECED THIS TOGETHER FROM A HUNDRED DIFFERENT SOURCES OVER THE LAST 40 YEARS. IT MAPS OUT A COURSE DUE EAST, AWAY FROM THE CITY ACROSS THE DESERT

BUT BECAUSE HE HAD NO NAMES, HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT CITY, OR WHICH DESERT!

AND NOW WE KNOW.

CONTACT SALLAH, MARCUS. HAVE HIM MEET YOU IN ISKENDUREN

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

I'M GOING AFTER DAD

THE TRIP NORTH IS MADE IN COMFORT, IN THE WARMTH OF WALTER DONOVAN'S MERCEDES.

BUT THE DAY GROWS CHILL AND STORMY AS THE GERMAN BORDER DRAWS NEAR.

AND AT LAST, AT CASTLE BRUNWALD

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

I DON'T KNOW. I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING.

YES?

AND NOT BEFORE TIME! WE'RE DRENCHED! ¡KER-CHEW!

NOW LOOK! I'VE CAUGHT A SNIFFLE!

JUST BUTTLE OFF AND TELL BARON BRUNWALD THAT LORD CLARENCE CHUMLEY AND HIS ASSISTANT ARE HERE TO VIEW THE TAPESTRIES!

WE HAVE TAPESTRIES, SIR BUT IF YOU'RE AN ENGLISH LORD--

--I'M JESSE OWENS!

HOW DARE YOU!

KROK

HotComic.net

S.S.! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!

NOW WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY'RE HOLDING DAD...?

TIN SPOON? CHAINED TO A CHEAP TIN BOWL?

THAT LOOKS LIKE A PRISONER'S LUNCH!

AND, QUICKLY FOLLOWING THE STAIRS IN THE DIRECTION THE SERVANT HAD COME...

THREE DOORS! BUT WHICH--

--THIS ONE! IT'S THE ONLY ONE THAT'S WIRED!

I'LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER WAY IN!

AN ADJOINING ROOM PROVES EMPTY, PROVIDING REFUGE, AN OPEN WINDOW--

--AND THE SPARK OF A RISKY IDEA!

THRAK

GOTTA TIME THIS JUUUUST RIGHT--!

Read more FREE comics on ReadComicOnline
HotComic.net

CRASH

CRASH

JUNIOR!

YES, SIR!

NO, I MEAN IT'S YOU--

--JUNIOR!

WOULD YOU STOP CALLING ME THAT?!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

WHAT DO YOU THINK? I'VE COME TO GET YOU!

SORRY ABOUT YOUR HEAD. I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THEM.

THEY COME THROUGH THE DOOR!

GOOD POINT. BUT BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY.

THIS TIME I WAS WRONG, BUT I WAS RIGHT WHEN I MAILED YOU THE DIARY! DID YOU GET IT?

I GOT IT-- AND I USED IT!

I FOUND THE ENTRANCE TO

HotComic.net

THROUGH THE LIBRARY? I KNEW IT! AND THE TOMB OF SIR RICHARD? THE INSCRIPTION ON THE SHIELD?

ALEXANORETTA.

ALEXANDRETTA. OF COURSE. ON THE PILGRIM TRAIL FROM THE EASTERN EMPIRE! JUNIOR...

...YOU DID IT!

NO, YOU DID. FORTY YEARS OF SCHOLARSHIP AND RE-SEARCH.

BUT WHAT DO THE NAZIS WANT WITH YOU?

THEY WANTED THE GRAIL DIARY.

YEAH?

AND I KNEW I HAD TO GET THAT BOOK AS FAR AWAY FROM ME AS I POSSIBLY COULD!

OH. YEAH...

DR. JONES!

IT'S GONNA BE ONE OF THOSE DAYS...!

SPLAK

TO BE CONTINUED!

HotComic.net